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R. A. BUMILLER.

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The Millheim Journal.

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Christmas Bells.

O list the joyful sounding bells!
What is the tale their music tells?
'Tis but the oft-repeated strain
First heard on Judah's star-lit plain.
When shepherds, watching flocks by night,
Saw round them shine a wondrous light,
And trembling heard the angels say:
"Fear not—to you is born this day
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"
The Heavenly host with one accord
Joined with the angel, saying, them:
"Peace on earth, good will to men!"

No messenger in angel guise
Comes now before our mortal eyes;
Nor evermore in our dull ears
Shall sound a voice from Heavenly spheres;
Nor need we, like the men of old,
Wander to seek with gifts and gold,
The babe who in the manger lay,
In 'avid's city far away!
Lo! at our doors he waits to take
The gift none is too poor to make—
A heart which will His love receive,
And humbly say, "Lord, I believe!"

For this—the bells at Christmas ring!
"Good tidings of great joy" they bring!
For "whoso' will" at length may see
Him who once walked in Galilee!

"NUGGET."

A CHISTMAS STORY.

Miss Hanford's little village shop looked unusually festal just before Christmas, with its strings of cheap, but brightly painted tin toys, its gay cards, and wonderful display of worsted work, to say nothing of the evergreen bush that adorned the window, hung with a variety of tinsel ornaments that glittered like silver and gold whenever the sun struck them. To-day, however, no flattering sunbeam dances that way, for old Sol has hidden his face beneath a heavy gray veil, and a thick snow is falling quietly but steadily, as though it meant business, and Miss Hanford's face is almost as gloomy as the sky overhead, while she matches crewels, and selects needles for pretty Mrs. Pulsifer, the Doctor's wife.—'It will be a white Christmas, after all,' says that cheery little woman, while the materials to complete her husband's slippercase, are being tied up, 'which, they do say, is bad for doctors.'

'Yes, 'A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard;' and no mistake," sighs Miss Hanford.

'Any sort of Christmas makes a fat pocketbook for you, I suppose," laughs Mrs. Pulsifer.—'Not this year. The new shop with plate-glass windows, up the street, has cut into my trade sadly; but thank the Lord, Tom Tucker and I don't need much,' and Miss Hanford patted a big black and white cat dozing on one end of the counter. "It is sort o' lonesome, though, livin' all alone, 'specially about Christmas. Sometimes I get dreadful blue, and down in the mouth."—"No wonder, poor thing!" rejoins Mrs. Pulsifer, sympathetically. 'You ought to have my three young rogues; you'd never have time to be dull, then. But, good-bye; I mustn't chatter another minute; all the oddments for the stockings are to be bought yet.'

'That's it!' exclaimed *Miss* Hanford, as the shop-door shut with a slam. 'That's jest it! I'm an old maid, and ought to be used to livin' alone, dear knows! but Christmas seems to stir up all the sociable feelin's in my nature, and I'd a'most be willin' to give the trade them plate-glass windows hev left me, to hev a leetle critter to cuddle up, and make just such 'a Christmas' for, as Cy. and I used to hev, when we were youngsters, in the old red farmhouse. Tom Tucker, why ain't you a baby!' to which pussy only responded by a blink of his green eyes, and purred harder than ever.

'Tinkle-tinkle!' rang the shop-bell, and two eyes appeared on a level with the counter, surmounted by a shock of shaggy hair, and a shrill voice piped, 'Please, *Miss* Hanford, ma sent me over for a three-cent loaf, and wants to know if you will trust her a few days longer.' The little country store was very mixed in its contents, and kept bread and cake as well as toys and worsted.

'Hey! is that you, *Patsey* Batt! Tell me, *Patsey*, my child, how's your poor, sick pa to-day?

'Very bad! *Ma*, she's been up with him all night, and most cried her eyes out.'

'Then you won't hev much of a Christmas to your house, to-morrow?'

'No; ma says, Santa Claus sent word he couldn't come this year;' and a big sob choked the child's utterance.

'Poor little critters!' muttered *Miss* Handford, under whose rather stiff exterior beat the kindest heart in the world. 'There, you take seed cake over to your ma, with my compliments,' and as the tiny girl opened her mouth to express her thanks, she popped in a sugar plum, and laughed heartily at the amazed face that nodded good-bye, and disappeared across the road.

'It's mighty curious, how queer things are arranged in this world!' soliloquized Miss Hanford; 'Not that I want to question the ways of Providence; but there is *Mrs.* Batt, with four youngsters, and not so much as a peppermint-drop to put in their stockings; and here am I, with a lot of knick-knicks gettin' stale on my hands (thanks to them plate-glass windows), and pinin' to make 'a Christmas' for somebody, and not a kith nor kin belongin' to me, that I know of, for if brother Cy. had a ben in the flesh, he'd a turned up like a bad penny, long before this, surely! It's a mystery, and no mistake!'

At that moment her eye fell upon a card lying on the top of a pile of pasteboard souvenirs, and took it up. It represented a lady and child feeding a flock of robins, and below was printed, 'At Christmas, open wide my heart!'

'That's purty!' said Miss Hanford. It makes me think of the Christmas sheaf we used to hang out for the birds. They were no kith nor kin, and if to birds, why not to batts? Yes, I'll do it!' and the happy thought fairly irradiated the rugged face, even as the gleam of sunlight that just then shone through a rift in the clouds made the tinsel ornaments in the window spakle and glitter like a hundred Christmas candles. The new idea was more fully developed that evening over Miss Hanford's solitary cup of tea and plate of hot buttered toast in the wee parlor back of the shop, while Tom Tucker sat by, like his namesake, 'singing for his supper' and keeping up a duet with the kettle that hummed and spluttered on the stove, and to the good woman their song seemed to be,

Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer.

And when the rush of Christmas Eve business was over, the shutters barred, and the quiet of night had descended upon the little snowbound village, the evergreen was removed from the window to the back parlor and made more gorgeous than ever with red, white, and blue tapers, cornucopias, and a veritable St. Nicholas, with reindeer and pack.

'I feel 'most as if I were makin' it for one of my own,' said Miss Hanford, as she surveyed the result of her labors and tried on her nightcap; there was a happy glow at her heart as she said her prayers and went to bed, that lasted into the Christmas dawn and all throughout the service in the old, gray, vine-covered church, although few had wished her the season's greetings and no gift graced her lonely morning board.

The overland express from the Pacific Coast, comes steaming and thundering along over a wide, snowy expanse of flat country, and draws up with a snort at a desolate little wooden station, standing almost alone in the middle of a great prairie. Eager passengers crowd to doors and windows, glad of anything to break the monotony of their long journey, and the sight that meets their eyes is novel enough to keep them there. A group of miners in rough attire, with bronzed faces and unkempt beards, are clustered about a little girl of some eight or nine years, clad in a costume strange to the petted darling of fashion, but warm and comfortable for that bitter winter weather. A gown of coarse scarlet flannel, such as men's shirts are formed of, and a rudely-fashioned fur coat and cap, made by loving but unskillful fingers. Nothing, however, can mar the winsome beauty of the little maid, whose brown eyes are dewy with tears, as she clings round the neck of one of the men, and holds up her lips, to be kissed by all the others.

'You will look after my gal, and take her safe,' says the tall man who holds her, with a break in his voice, to the conductor, as he presses a generous fee into his hand.

'And give her the very best of everything,' puts in another, while he draws a sleeve across his eyes; 'nothin', I reckon, is too good for our Nugget.'

'The luck of the camp will go with *her*, I'm afraid,' groans another; and then the engine blows the signal for departure, and amid sobs and handshakes the child is lifted to the platform and waves farewell, while the group of men shout, 'Give the little 'un a send-off—Hurrah! for the Nugget of Gold Ore Camp!' and loud cheers awaken the echoes as the conductor enters the pullman car, leading the wee girl by the hand.

The passengers are deeply interested and crowd round, to inquire the history of the new-comer. 'She is not exactly a passenger,' says the gentlemanly official, 'as she is sent by express; but I can't put her in the express car. There is her label;' and he pointed to a card tacked on the sleeve of the little fur coat, and addressed to

"Miss Hannah Hanford,
Hollywell,
N. Y."

'That's my aunt!' and I am her Christmas present from Pop. Poppy Sam says, I can get there in time for Santa Claus to fill my stocking.'

'What is your name, little dear?' asked sweetfaced Mrs. Farnsworth, drawing the little stranger to a seat beside her.—'Nugget!'—'Nugget! But that is not a name; have you no other?'

'Prize Nugget of Gold Ore Gamp! That's all. The men gave it to me, 'cause they say, I'm worth my weight in gold. Never had any luck at the mines till I came there. Sometimes they call me 'Nug,' for short.'

'What is your father called; for I suppose, one of these men is your father?'

'They are all my Poppies: Poppy Sam, Poppy Jack, Poppy Kit, and Poppy Peter; but big Pop Cy. is my real true one; and oh! I don't know what they will do without their Nugget!' And the bonny little face grew very sober at the thought.

'Have you no mother?' asked Mrs. Farnsworth.

'No. She went to Heaven three years ago, when the partridge berries were ripe, and Pop Kit says, it's a nicer place than even Redskin Canon.'

'And you have lived with these rough men ever since?'

'They are not rough!' cried the child, flashing up in an instant; 'they are Nugget's dear, darling Poppies, and I love them, and shall go back to cook for the 'mess,' just as soon as I learn to read and write, and keep house like a lady;' and she burst into a wild fit of weeping, and was only pacified by many gentle words and a sight of the little curtained berth in the sleeping-car, which she was to occupy during her trip.

The pain of parting over, however, Nugget became as happy as a lark, and the pet and plaything of all on the train. Her little red gown fluttered up and down the narrow aisle, like some bright tropical bird; her golden head peered into every crack and corner, and her quaint speeches were a constant fund of amusement, while her brown eyes opened in surprise at all the new things she was constantly seeing and hearing, for she was as simple and ignorant, as well as fresh and sweet, as a prairie flower transplanted from Western wilds. The great cities they passed through were a perpetual wonder, and she was never weary of gazing out of the window, until just as they left Chicago, a heavy snow-storm set in, so thick and dense as to shut out all the scene.

It was very strange, whirling along through this white mist, and gradually the train moved slower and slower, the engine seeming to have to work its way through deep drifts, until on rising one morniug, the passengers found themselves at rest, and were informed they had come to a stand-still in the dead country, and could go no further until the snow-plows which had been telegraphed for, should come to dig them out.

"We should be in New York to-night," said the conductor, "but it looks very much as though we should spend our Christmas on the road."

"Oh! oh! oh!" came a chorus of disappointed voices.

"To-night is Christmas Eve, sure enough!" said Mr. Grundy, a jolly-faced old bachelor, and then looked down to see a dismayed litte face peering up into his. "Well, Nugget, what is it?"

"Isn't that the night Santa Claus comes?"

"I believe it is! It's lucky he didn't travel by this train."

"But he won't know where to find *me!*" cried Nugget, in alarm; "he will never think of looking for me in a snow-bank"—

"Sure enough; but I guess Aunt Hannah will tell him you are coming, and have the stocking filled."

"No, she won't; for she don't know it herself. I don't b'lieve she knows there's such a little gal as me in the world. Pop said, she didn't."

"Well, that's strange; but, never mind, Nugget will be as merry as she can, even if we are snow bound. I'm going out now, to explore, and may be I'll see a snow-bird, to send a message to Santa Claus by." And the cheery old fellow tramped off, leaving his little friend somewhat comforted.

He came back an hour later, with his arms full of pine, laurel, and holly, and the ladies amused themselves in decorating the parlor cars, hanging wreaths, in the windows, and festooning garlands along the sides, until it was transformed into a perfect green bower.

But Nugget was unusually quiet all day, although shs helped to bunch the 'greens,' and when she had bidden her friends good-night, and was tucked away in her berth, sobbed herself to sleep, overcome with disappointment and homesickness.

"See, isn't that pathetic!" It was Mrs. Farnsworth who spoke, pointing to a little red stocking pinned to the curtain of the child's bed, which she had hung there in the faint hope that the snow-birds might tell St. Nicholas of her whereabouts.

"Can't we fill it with something?" asked *Mr.* Grundy. "I'll drop a bright silver-dollar in the toe." And he suited the action to the word.

"They gave me some rosy apples and a few nuts over at yonder farm-houae to-day," said Fred Howell, and they rattled in after the silver.

The conductor, who was a Yankee, and handy with the knite, carved some funny little animals out of wood, and a young lady contributed a pretty blue hair-ribbon, while, to crown all, Mrs. Farnsworth made her way to the baggage car, and managed to open her trunk, and bring out a beautiful wax-doll that she was carrying to her own niece. "I can buy Effie another, in New York," she said, and fastened the doll to the top of the stocking.

Christmas dawned in a flood of sunshine, and the occupants of the second sleeper on the eastward-bound train were awakened at an early hour by glad shouts from section 7, where Nugget was sitting up in her bed, investigating the treasres hidden uin her Santa Claus stocking, and "Merry Christmas!" resounded from behind the curtains on all sides.

"He came; the good Santa Claus came, after all!" cried Nugget in wildest glee; "and I am sure, the snow-birds sent him and—good news—the conductor told them that the track had been cleared and that they would be off in ten minutes.

So this railroad Christmas was not so bad, after all; for the travelers gathered together in the pinedecked parlor car, where merry games and sweet carols made the hours fly. Nugget was the gayest of the gay, the blue snood binding her soft yellow hair; and, hugging her first real doll closely in her arms, never realized that she was an express package, until Hollywell was reached just after dark. *More* sad good-byes had then to be said, and she was turned over to the tender care of an expressman, with a covered wagon and pair of prancing horses.

The cosy parlor behind Miss Hanford's shop was a vision of comfort and homely cheer on that Christmas night, with the crimson curtains drawn, and a glorious fire crackling merrily on the hearth. And the well-washed faces of the four little Batts reflected all the brightness as they gathered around the simple Christmas tree twinkling with tiny lights, and made their mouths into round O's with delight. Miss Hanford bustled about like a motherly old hen, passing doughnuts, filling mugs of sweet cider, and distributing the little gifts of which she had robbed the store, to gladden the occasion.

How the tongues ran! How Tommy Batt beat his big drum, and Mat tooted his tin trumpet! How Hetty hid behind the sofa, to read her new fairy book, and how Patsy caressed a coveted doll, with rosp cheeks, wild with delight! while Christmas cheer and charity reigned over all.

'It is a shame!" exclaimed Mat, as he set down his mug, drained of the last drop; 'every one has a present, except Miss Hanford; it isn't fair!"

'It is enough for me to see you so happy at my little party,' their hostess opened her mouth to say, when she was interrupted by a tremendous knocking at the front door, and hurried off in a flurry. to open it.

There stood a very large man and a very small girl, looking like the big bear and the little bear of the old fairy story, wrapped in their fur coats.

'Here, Miss Hanford, I've brought you a jolly Christmas-box this time, and no mistake,' said the big bear; 'express charges all paid.'

'Bless us, and save us!'cried Miss Hanford, feeling for her spectacles; but the man had disappeared and the little bear was clinging to her skirts and stammering ont, 'You're Aunt Hannah, I know, and please, I'm Nugget, from Gold Ore Camp. Pop says, I'm to live with you, and go to school; and here is a paper to tell you all about it.'

Three minutes later, *Miss* Hanford was reading a letter from her long-lost brother Cy., in which he begged her to care for his motherless girl, crying and laughing over Nugget, while she warmed the child's hands at the fire, and feeling that she was no longer all alone in the world.

Now I know why I wanted so to make a Christmas tree,'she thought, as the graceful little figure danced round the evergreen.exclaiming with delight.' It is ever so much prettier than the trees in Redskin Canon, and must have grown in Heaven, I am sure,' while the quartette of Batts sat by in surprised silence.

And then the quaint little child drew from beneath her scarlet gown an old blue woolen sock that was fastened about her waist. It was filled with rich gold dust and ore, a gift from 'Cy Hanford to his dear sister Hannah.'

So *Miss* Hanford had her Christmas present after all, and said it would more than make up for all she had lost by the new store, while visions of a plate-glass window in her own little shop, danced through her head.

It was a perfect evening to all, except Tom Tucker, who considered his nose out of joint, and sang in vain for his supper, until Hettie took compassion on him and gave him half a doughnut.

'Nugget said, she was 'so glad she had come in time for a little bit of Christmas, and the lovely tree,' and when at midnight *Miss* Hanford bent over the golden head, nestled in the center of her big feather pillow, she was sure no one in Holly well had so sweet a Christmas-box as her precious little Nugget from Gold Ore Camp. *From the American Agriculturist.*

IT IS CHILDREN'S DAY.

It is children's day. Heap high the grate and send the sparkles streaming up the chimney. Let the roaring flame outroar the chilling blast and melt with Christmas warmth the frosty breath of winter. Bring forth in generous store good cheer; fill up the cup to overrunning with wine or joy, let mirth break bounds, and give free reign to all that buoys and lifts the spirits to above the shocks and weights of the experience of other days. Where'er the family takes sanctuary let God's love pour its blessed light in radiance brighter than in other days. Through the wide land may a thousand times ten thousand hearts fires glow on happy faces, and in the genial glow may the world of child-life ring with a music born of happines unwonted. For one day let the better angels of our natures take the harp and make their sweetest melody. Let not one strain be lost nor one discordant note be struck. Let all that may make merry with gift and game, and greting and cheer and kindly deed. One day out of the year is not too much, but all too little to give to joyous ministrations, but however much it may and should be made to be to others, its chief felicity is for young hearts yet unwrung by the cares of life. The green wealth of the Christmas holly and mistletoe harmonizes with the freshness of life's springtime, and every memory and association make this a May-day of young experience. For joy and innocence are sisters, and they are childhood's angels. The Christmas day can be in its fullness what it should be only as the children's day, and only thus can all its meaning be unlocked to older hearts. Give up the day to childhood, and giving thus receive its richest gifts. Make here a day to hang in memory's halls a pictures ever bright. Enwreathed in evergreen, brightenous with smiles of joy, thrilled with the surprises of loving ingenuity, crowned with gifts and tenderness, that is the only Christmas which is illumined by the beams of gladdened eyes and made musical by the silvery chimes of childhood's laughter. Give it to the children, then, and make it all the heaven that heaven-born love can make it.

WOMEN.

Women always show by their action that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women jump at conclusions and generally hit; men reason things out logically and generally miss it.

Some women can't pass a millinery story without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

Women love admiration, approbation, selfimmolation on the part of others; are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.

A women always carries her purse in her hand so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket so that his wife wont see it.

A woman can sit in a theatre for three hours without getting all cramped up, catching the toothache or becoming faint for want of fresh air: a man can't.

A woman, from her sex and character, has a claim to many things beside her shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this imples and shows himself at all times chivalrous, sweet spoken, considerate and deferential.

CHRONIC CATARRH.—I was troubled with chronic catarrh and gathering in head, was deaf at times, had discharges from the ears, unable to breathe through nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured.—C. J. Corbin, 923 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. 48-3t

New Year Bells.

Now from every tower and steeple
Clang, the bells with a gladsome sound,
Showering down on the hearts of the people
The tidings glad of a year new found.
Ring away sorrow and pain and care,
Demons that brood o'er the lives of men.
Let not the sound of a world's despair
Fill our hearts with a deeper pain.
Welcome and greetings: Oh new born year,
With thy fair white page on which to write
The manifold changes that greet us here,
Which our hearts in sorrow or joy invite.
Write them down with a golden pen,
Blessings many and joys a few.
Seek thy thoughts from the hearts of men,
Who have dared to do right and lived to be true.
Set thy hand to redress each wrong,
And never falter in doing right.
If to help a fallen comrade along,
Or do each duty with all thy might.
Duties will come with every day.
Scorn them not if they seem but small.
From God no action is hid away.
And He a recompense finds for all.
So write thy deeds with a golden pen,
Write them down for the book of life
Write them down in the heart of men,
And be a hero in every strife.

JOSEPH GOLDING'S CHRISTMAS.

It was very strange, thought old Joseph Golding, that he couldn't be master of his own mind. He had lived a great many years, and neither remorse nor memory had ever been in the habit of disturbing him; but now it seemed to him as if the very foundations of his life were breaking up. He was well through with his day's work—he had dined comfortably—he sat in an easy chair in a luxurious drawing-room, whose crimson hangings shut out the still cold of the December afternoon—he had nothing to do but enjoy himself. Mr. Golding liked to enjoy himself at this season as much as others did, for it was Christmas Eve. What though he was in the habit of spending it solitarily?—he liked solitude.

For many years on Christmas Eve he had sat balancing in his mind the great accounts presented in his ledgers, the accumulating coffers at his bankers, the strokes of business he would make in future. Not so now. The year was drawing to a close; some intruding voice kept whispering that in like manner so was his career. He could not put it from him, try as he would. The voice reminded him of a coming time when his life's work would be all done—even as his day's work was all done now—when he would be ready to sit down in the evening and look over the balance sheet of his deeds, good and evil. Curiously the old days came trooping in slow procession before him. And he had been able to forget them for so very long!

His dead wife. He had not loved her much when she was with him, but how vivid was his memory of her now! He could see her moving round the house, noiseless as a shadow, never intruding on him after he had once or twice repulsed her gruffly, but going on her own meek, still ways, with her face growing whiter every day. He began to understand, as he looked back, why her strength had failed; and she had been ready, when her baby came, to float out on the tide and let it drift her into God's haven. She had had enough to eat and drink, but he saw now that he had left her heart to starve. Heaven! what a hard man he had been! He seemed to see her white, still face, as he looked at it the last time, with the dumb reproach frozen on it; the eyes that would never plead vanity any more, closed for ever.

He recalled how passionately the three-days-old baby had cried in another room just at that moment, moving all the people gathered together for the funeral with a thrill of pity for the poor little motherless morsel. She *was* a passionate, willful baby, all through her baby-hood; he remembered that. She wanted—missed without knowing what the luck was—the love and sustenance which her mother would have given her, and protested against fate with all the might of her infant lungs. But as soon as she grew old enough to understand how useless it was, *she* had grown quiet, too; just like her mother. He recalled her, all through her girlhood, a shy, still girl, always obedient and submissive, but never drawing very near him. Why? Because he would have repulsed her as he repulsed her mother. He could see it now. It was very strange these facts should come back to him to-day, and their naked truth with them. He had been a cold, hard, ungenial man, without sympathy for any one human being; absorbed utterly in the pursuit of money-making. And so the child, Amy, had grown up without him.

But suddenly, when she was eighteen, the old, passionate spirit that had made her cry so when a baby must have awakened again, he thought; for she fell in love then, and wished to marry. To marry in defiance of his wishes. He remembered her standing proudly before him after one of their quarrels, where he had been harsh and bitter, and abusive of the man she wanted to call husband. She had borne in silence reproach of herself; but not of him who had become to her as her best existence. Her words came back to the old man now.

(*Continued on fourth page.*)

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24TH, 1885.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

Exit 1885.

With this issue another year of the JOURNAL's existence passes into the vast lapse of time and in looking back over our year's work we feel justified in saying that we have tried to do our duty and have in a measure succeeded in giving our readers prompt, interesting, and entertaining weekly paper.

Politically the JOURNAL has advocated and upheld Democratic principles, supported the wise measures of the new administration and strove to promote unity in Democratic ranks at home.

The local news department we have worked hard to make a faithfully compiled budget of events of importance at home and throughout the county and in this work we were ably assisted by our special correspondents in neighboring towns. Religious and educational matters, new enterprises and improvements received their full share of encouragement through the columns of the JOURNAL and important foreign news could always be found in the miscellaneous department.

The literary contents of the paper received our undivided attention and in this line we have been particularly careful in selecting the most entertaining and interesting matter of a chaste character.

Summing up we are sure the JOURNAL has proven a valuable and welcome weekly visitor to our readers, a paper for the "Home Circle" in the broadest sense of the word, and that our labors are appreciated is evident in the slow, but steady influx of new subscribers. With these few parting remarks we return our thanks to those who have favored us during the year and wish all our readers a "Merry Holiday Season," assuring them that, no preventing Providence, the JOURNAL will come to them in the new year fully as wide-awake and newsy as it has been in the past year.

CONGRESS adjourned last Monday until January 5th, at the suggestion of our worthy representative, Gov. Curtin. Up to the time of adjournment 1,004 bills, mostly of a private character had been introduced and referred. Only 14 of the 38 states were reached, and it was ordered that the call shall be continued where it was left off, when the House meets again after the Holidays. Gov. Curtin's clever idea enables congressmen to spend the whole of the holiday season at their respective homes.

CONTROLLER MAYNARD in Washington decided that pensioners, residing in the United States, can not authorize other persons to receive their pensions for them. Pension agents must issue orders directly to the pensioner and mail them to that person. Pensioners residing in foreign countries must have their papers attested to by a notary public before the amount can be lifted by an authorized party.

PENNSYLVANIA taxes for this year amount to $2,000,000 more than in 1884. In the next three years the income of taxes will still be largely increased by the new tax law. Could not the state spare the license taxes then, and give the benefit of the same to the respective counties and cities, where they are collected?

A NEW official seal has been manufactured for the President of the United States. It is said to be of very tasty design, representing all the states and territories in an ingenous and plain manner. The design is the handiwork of a German, Mr. William F. Lutz.

Congressman Morrison is a marked figure. He stands about five feet ten inches, and has a bushy, full beard, nearly all gray. He seldom wears an overcoat. His right hand is almost always in the trouser's pocket as he walks, and he has a measured tread, and his dress generally, while neat, shows its wearer's indifference to style.

THE United States Senate last week granted an annual pension of $5000 to Gen. Grant's widow. The action was endorsed by the house of representatives.

President Cleveland is described as having very large hands. He needs them, and strong ones at that.

—SOMETHING more or less than five thousand different liver pills are on the market. Some good, some indifferent, many bad and worthless. Life is too short to try them all, so if you want to be absolutely sure you are right get McDonald's Improved Liver Pills, and if you are not satisfied with the amount of benefit received you get your money back.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
Philadelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

Miscellaneous News.

Crushed to Death on Peters Mountain.

HALIFAX, Pa., Dec. 17.—Yesterday Mr. D. W. Deiblebis, a highly respected farmer, aged about 30 years, who resided near Matamoras, Dauphin County, was bringing a load of ties down Peters Mountain. The ties slipped forward upon Deiblebis, and he was instantly killed. Mr. Deiblebis was a married man.

SOME remarkable cures in this vicinity, of long continued and obstinate diseases, are attributed to McDonald's Blood Purifier.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa

Killed at Middleburg.

SELINSGROVE, Pa., Dec. 17.—At Middleburg, the county-seat of Snyder County, ten miles west of this place, George Musser and his wife were about to cross the track of the Sunbury and Lewistown Road at the depot crossing, at 6 o'clock this evening. An extra freight train was approaching, and Mrs. Musser stepped back, requesting her husband to do the same. Not heeding her caution for some reason, Mr. Musser was struck by the engine and instantly killed. He was about 70 years of age, and resided in Franklin Township. His wife and one child survive him.

—YOUR tooth is too sound to be extracted, yet you cannot endure the agony it is inflicting. Your only recourse is a bottle of Zingari Tooth Drops. Relief certain, and only costs 15 cents.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
Philadelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim ,Pa.

The Jury Find Cox Guilty of Voluntary Manslaughter.

SUNBURY, Dec. 17.—The last day of the Cox trial has come to an end. Shortly after the opening of the Court this morning His Honor Judge Rockafellow commenced his charge to the jury. The charge was long and elaborate, and conspicuous for the way the case was reviewed and the law defined in a fair and impartial manner. When the hands on the clock marked ten minutes of eleven the jury retired to deliberate upon the great question, awaiting the decision of which a human life hung in the balance. As they filed out of the Court room every eye was turned upon them and their faces were scanned as if to read that verdict which, when rendered, would cause either misery or happiness. The prisoner at the bar carefully watched them, and who can imagine his feelings as he saw them leave the room, to return no more until his fate was decided. In an hour he was again away from the crowded Court-room where for eight days he had been the one object of attention, immured within the narrow confines of his cell with thoughts for his companions such as no man but one in a similar position can describe. Anxiously all the afternoon had the door of the jury-room been watched by eager eyes, expecting every moment to see it open, but in vain. All sorts of conjectures were made as to the cause of their delay.

The jury, after a deliberation of twelve hours, rendered a verdict tonight at 11 o'clock of voluntary manslaughter, the punishment for which, in the maximum, is twelve years' imprisonment and $500 fine.

—DO NOT crucify the children by compelling them to take the horrible, nauseous compounds usually sold as worm medicines, many of them as worthless as they are obnoxious, but get a box of McDonald's Celebrated Worm Powders. Purely vegetable. So easy and pleasant to take that the children will never know a medicine is being administered. You will in addition secure the very best vermifuge possible to produce. So sure are we of this that in all cases of failure to cause expulsion where women exist we cheerfully agree to refund the purchase price One Box of McDonald's Worm Powders guaranteed equal to four bottles of any worm syrup.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
Philadelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

ENTOMBED ALIVE.

Twenty Miners Imprisoned in A Flooded Slope.

NANTICOKE, Pa., Des. 18.—Nanticoke was thrown into a terrible consternation at 11 o'clock this morning by a report that the mines of the Susquehanna Coal Company were being flooded by water from the river. The break was in No. 1 slope, and the volume of water pouring in was so great, that before the miners and laborers could get away from the breast in which they were working the water was more than a foot deep on the gangway and rising rapidly. Tools were abandoned, driver boys left their mules in the gangway, and all fled for points of safety. Before the workmen were all out the water was breast high. As soon as messengers could be dispatched an alarm was spread to the other workings, Nos. 1 and 2 shafts and No. 2 slope, all of which are connected with the slope and are lower and of greater depth. The alarm was promptly acted upon and the workmen summoned to the foot of the shafts and hoisted ten at a time to the surface. As each one was safely landed terrific shouts of rejoicing arose from the hundreds of people present.

Everything in the track of the flood was swept before it, the men being knocked about promiscuously, and in all cases they report miraculous escapes. The experience of old miners who were caught by the flood say it was the most terrible they ever passed through. When the water was discovered rushing into the slope there were nearly 1,000 men and boys at work in various openings, but at the particular spot where the water first appeared there were not over thirty persons at work at the time. It is reported that there are now about twenty men in the face of one of the gangways who are shut in by the water and rubbish that accumulated in the west gangway of the second lift of the cross seam. It is impossible to say what their fate will be. Old miners are of the opinion that the men who are shut up will be rescued alive. The company is making every possible effort to reach the imprisoned men. The pumps are now at work and new ones are being rapidly put up. Another force of men have been sent down the air-shaft, who will endeavor to cut through to the spot where the imprisoned men are believkd to be. This work will be kept up night and day until the fate of the men is known.

—Lancaster Almanacs, English or German, mailed to any part of the West, upon the receipt of four 2-cent stamps.

—'There is nothing like Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to quickly cure a cold or relieve hoarseness.' Written by Mrs. M. J. Fellows, Burr Oak, St. Joseph Co., Mich.

—A WEAK BACK, with a weary, aching lameness over the hips, is a sign of diseased kidneys. Use the best kidney curative known, which is Burdock Blood Bitters.

—Prof. Barret of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., speaking of pulmonary diseases, says: Not one death occurs now where twenty died before Downs' Elixir was known. Over fifty years of constant success places Downs' Elixir at the head of the long list of cough remedies.
For sale by J. Spigelmyer, and D. S. Kauffman & Co.

—We defy the county to compete with us in Silk Handkerchiefs.
D. S. KAUFFMAN & Co.

The reason why Arnica & Oil Liniment is so popular with the ladies is because it not only is very healing and soothing but its odor is not at all offensive.
For sale by J. Spigelmyer, and D. S. Kauffman & Co.

It is in order now for every manufacturer to praise and extol the virtues of his cough medicine, and claim it ever so much better than any other. On square business principles the proprietor of Dr Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine says if you are not satisfied with the relief and benefit obtained, if you do not consider it well worth the price paid for it, then take the empty bottle back to your dealer and get your money.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO.,
Philadelphia Agents.
Sold by J. Eisenhuth, Millheim, Pa.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS.—Whereas there is a general opinion prevailing among the taxpayers throughout the county that because a collector's warrant is good for two years, they have the same length of time in which to pay their taxes. Tax Collectors frequently complain to us that many persons make this a pretext for refusing to pay their taxes until they are actually forced to do so, and these being generally such as are best able to pay. We therefore submit for your information the following Act of Assembly of April 15, 1834, in relation thereto:

"Every collector shall, within three months after receiving the corrected duplicate, pay into the hands of the treasurer of the property, county or township, as the case may be, the whole amount of the taxes charged and assessed in such duplicate, excepting such sum as the Commissioners, or Supervisors and Overseers, as the case may be, in their discretion, may exonerate him from, on pain of being answerable for and charged with the whole balance remaining so unpaid."

You will readily see by the above Act that tax collectors are required to pay in the full amount of their duplicates within three months after the duplicates are placed in their hands

JOHN WOLF,
J. C. HENDERSON, } Commissioners.
A. J. GRIEST,

47-3t,

NOTICE to Tax Collectors—We hereby give notice that all Collectors of State and County Taxes for 1885 must positively present their claims for exonerations on their respective deplicates on or before the fourth Monday of January, 1886.

JOHN WOLF,
J. C. HENDERSON, } Commissioners.
A. J. GRIEST,

47-3t

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Michael Frank, late of Penn township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly proven for settlement.

SAMUEL FRANK,
Rebersburg, Pa., Dec. 10th, '85. Executor.

CAUTION NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have purchased at Constable's sale the following personal property of Ira Gramley, of Aaronsburg: 1 Cook Stove, 1 Coal Stove, 1 Ten-plate Stove, 1 Sink, 1 Table, 1 Bedstead, with Bedding, ½ dozen Chairs, 1 Desk 1 Lounge, 25 yds. of Carpet, 1 Iron Kettle, 1 Clock, 1 Corner Cupboard, 2 Hogs, 2 Tubs, 1 Tea Kettle. All persons are cautioned not to meddle or interfere with said property, as I have left the same in his possession at my pleasure.

A. E. STAMBACH.
Aaronsburg, Pa., Dec. 3, '85

PENNSYLVANIA
STATE COLLEGE.
Winter Term begins January 6, 1886.

This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthful spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to students of both sexes, and offers the following Course of Study:
1. A Full cientific Course of Four Years.
2. A Latin cientific Course.
3. The following ADVANCED COURSES, of two years each, following the first two years of the Scientific Course: (a) AGRICULTURE; (b) NATUCAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
4 A short SPECIAL COURSE in Agriculture.
5. A short SPECIAL COURSE in Chemistry.
6 A reorganized Course in MECHANIC ARTS, combining shop-work with study.
7. A new SPECIAL COURSE (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
8. A Carefully graded Preparatory Course.
9. SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of a competent lady Principal.

For Catalogues, or other information address
GEORGE W. ATHERTON, L. L. D.,
President,
27-29 State College, Centre Co., Pa.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BLAM when applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed effectually cleansing the head of catarrh virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflamation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores senses of tastes and smell. NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF. Apply a particle of the Balm into each nostril. A few applications relieve. *A thorough treatment will cure.* Agreeable to use. Send for circular. Price 50 cents, by mail or at druggists.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
48-4t

Journal Store Column.

—No. 20—

Penn St., Millheim, Pa.

The Journal Store

is prepared more fully than ever for the grand festive season — the time when everybody is made happy by giving and receiving presents—

The Holidays!

The general line of goods at

"No. 20"

is very full and complete while in

SPECIALITIES

suited to the season the

JOURNALSTORE

has distanced all competition.

—FOR EXAMPLE FOR—

Family Bibles,
Teachers' Bibles,
Sunday School Bibles,
Presentation Bibles,

for Fine Silk Plush Photograph Albums, Autograph Albums, Splendid Leather and Leatherette Albums,

Fine Writing Papers & Envelopes,

such as Gilt Edged,
Damask Linen,
Pure Linen,

Superb Writing Tablets,

Scrap Books and Scrap Pictures,

Birthday Cards,
Christmas Cards,
New Year's Cards,
Sunday School Cards,

and in Fancy Articles and Nouelties it is very generally conceded that

—The Journal Store—

—IS THE—

BOSS PLACE

—IN—

PENN'S VALLEY.

My stock of Silk, Plush, Velvet, Old Gold and Enameled Photograph Frames embraces a large variety of quality and price, and I can say just the same for my line of Dolls, Fancy Boxes, Ladies' Satchels, Girls Bags, Money Books, Wallets, Purses,

Stereoscopes and Views,

Vases, Parlor Match Safes, Games, A B C Blocks, Kinder Garten

BLOCKS,

TOY BOOKS,

Toilet Setts, Toilet Articles, Stamped Goods for Embroidery, Beautiful Writing Desks, Box Paper and so forth and so on.

I must stop somewhere and will do so right here.

Call at the Journal Store, and I will show you more and better than in this

COLUMN ADVERTISEMENT.

B. O. DEININGER,

—PROPRIETOR.—

Penn street, Millheim, Pa.

Groceries & Provisions.

NEW GOODS

—FOR THE—

H-O-L-I-D-A-Y T-R-A-D-E!!!

FRESH ARRIVALS EVERY DAY FROM THIS TIME UNTIL FIRST OF JANUARY.

FINE FLORIDA ORANGES.
BRIGHT NEW LEMONS.
CHOICE WHITE GRAPES.
NEW CROP FRENCH PRUNES.
FIGS, DATES and PRUNELLES.
FINEST CLUSTER RAISINS.
PRESERVED CITRON & LEMON PEEL
CURRANTS and BAKING RAISINS.
EVAPORATED PEACHES & PEARS.
ALMONDS and ASSORTED NUTS.
An exceptionally fine line of PURE CONFECTIONERY at CITY PRICES.
CLEAR CANDY TOYS.
MOLASSES CANDY (or Taffy) MADE BY OURSELVES, ALWAYS FRESH.
CALIFORNIA FRUITS, Canned and Evaporated.
PURE HONEY in pint and quart jars.
NEW BUCKWHEAT FLOUR, Roller process.
CRANBERRIES, Sound and Firm.
PLAIN and FANCY CRACKERS.
FINEST FULL CREAM CHEESE.
PURE SUGAR TABLE SYRUPS.
A full line of NEW CANNED GOODS.
PURE WHITE ROCK CANDY SYRUP in half gallon and one gallon cans.
PURE MAPLE SYRUP in quart and half gallon cans.
FINE, FRAGRANT TEAS.
PURE SPICES. You can depend on our ground pepper for butchering purposes. It is strictly pure.
FRESH SHELL OYSTERS opened to order.

ALL OUR STOCK IS NEW AND FRESH.

☞CALL ON US FOR ANYTHING YOU WANT IN OUR LINE.

—SECHLER & CO.,—

GROCERS,

Bush House Block,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Mingle's Shoe Store

BROCKERHOFF ROW,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Buy where you can get a good assortment.

The largest stock in Central Pennsylvania.

All goods warranted as recommended.

No shoddy—No trash.

Prices to suit the times.

When in town try me for something good.

A. C. MINGLE.

GERMAN * CANARIES!

BIRD * CAGES!

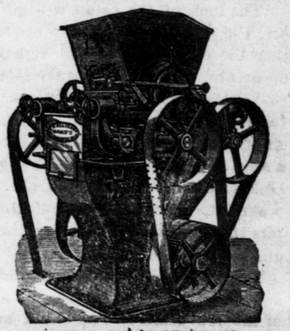
BIRD * SEEDS!

At reasonable rates at the GREAT CENTRAL GUN WORKS,

Water Street,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE
—PENN ROLLER—
FLOURING MILLS,



is prepared to exchange

Choice Roller Flour

for good wheat in any quantities desired and will guarantee the flour

Strictly Pure and of First-Class Quality.

J. B. FISHER,

PENN HALL, CENTRE CO., PA.

DEAFNESS its CAUSES and CURE, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists of the day with no benefit. *Cured himself* in three months, and since then hundreds of others by same process. A plain, simple and successful home treatment. Address T. S. PAGE, 128 East 26th St., New York City.
48-4t.

WIDE AWAKE AGENTS WANTED for THE GREAT CONSPIRACY!

A *thrilling* review of the *portentious events* that led to the GREAT REBELLION, from the *powerful* pen of Gen John A Logan. Strike quick for choice field. HUBBARD BROS., publishers, Philadelphia, Pa., 47-4t

VIRGINIA FARMS FOR SALE. 500 farms, 20 to 10,000 acres at $3 to $25 per acre. Good markets. Healthy climate. Favorable prospects. Write for circulars containing description. Sent free. PYLE & DeHAVEN, REAL ESTATE AGENTS, Petersburg, Va.

N. W. Eby,
Woodward, Pa.
Distiller of
PURE RYE WHISKEY.
The best article constantly kept on hand and guaranteed to be unadulterated.
The best liquor for Medical Use.
Sold at the lowest cash prices. 23ly

ONE DOLLAR.

The Weekly Patriot,

HARRISBURG, PENNA.

The leading Democratic paper in the State Full of interesting news, and miscellaneous and political reading.

ONLY ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Special Rates to Clubs.

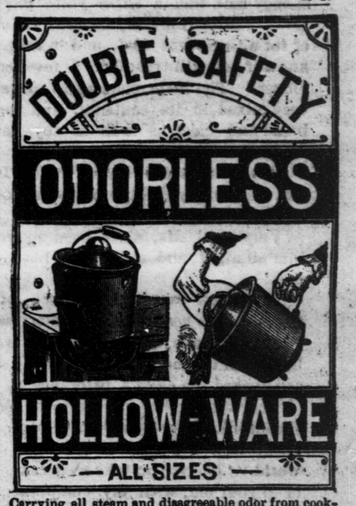
Sample copies mailed free on application.
The PATRIOT and ——— for $———.
The PATRIOT and New York Weekly *World* one year for one dollar and fifty cents.
The PATRIOT and the Philadelphia Weekly *Times* one year for one dollar and seventy-five cents.

WANTED.

AGENTS in every Township in this County to solicit subscriptions for the WEEKLY PATRIOT
Write for terms. Address all communications to
THE PATRIOT, Harrisburg, Pa.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.
48-4t



Carrying all steam and disagreeable odor from cooking down into the fire.

The MOST COMPLETE Cooking Utensil EVER INVENTED.

No burned hands. No scalded arms. No cloth needed. No disagreeable odors filling the house. No overflow on the stove. An examination of these utensils will convince any one that they are the nearest perfection of any kettles now known. A first-class steamer and kettle combined.

AGENTS wanted all over the U. S. for these goods. They sell fast and pay good profits—$3 to $8 per day. Call or write for circulars.

HUNTER SIFTER

Manufacturing Co.,

CINCINNATI, - - OHIO.

Manufacturers of the world famed "HUNTER SIFTER, Cyclone Egg Beater, and other specialties." Over 10,000,000 of the Hunter's Sifters have been sold. Every lady in the land ought to have one. For sale by responsible dealers everywhere. Ask for the "Hunter," and take no other. Illustrated catalogue of Kitchen Specialties, Machinery for Bakers, Druggists, &c. free.—Send for it and mention this paper.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24TH, 1885.

Published by R. A. BUMILLER.

A Trial by a Jury.

READ

Their Verdict!

First Juror—I find it the best place to purchase Christmas presents for my wife and family.

Second Juror—I find the assortment of gifts suitable for my husband and children, large and elegant.

Third Juror—I find there is no place like it to get a present for my girl—you know.

Fourth Juror—I find others can't compete with this store at all. The goods are too nice and the prices too low.

Fifth Juror—I find I am always perfectly satisfied with anything I get there.

Sixth Juror—I find I have been losing money by not dealing there.

Seventh Juror—I find their holiday stock full of pretty things, irresistable goods for ladies.

Eighth Juror—I find my grandchildren pester me to death to buy them Christmas presents at this store.

Ninth Juror—I find no one else has so many pretty things for little girls.

Tenth Juror—I find it the best place to get nice presents for the boys.

Eleventh Juror—I find the babies all crying for some of the many nice things to fill little folks' stockings.

Twelfth Juror—I find I am happy since I bought my Chris mas goods there and all other customers feel the same way.

Santa Claus

Justice ourt.

The Judge therefore pronounces the

Sentence

Upon this Verdict:

"I find Jacob Eisenhuth, of the town of Millheim, Pa.,

GUILTY

of keeping the largest and best assortment of Holiday gifts in TOYS and NOVELTIES, FANCY GOODS, and FINE PERFUMERIES, and I hereby sentence you to hard labor in furnishing elegant and desirable Christmas Gifts at

J. Eisenhuth's Store,

at the lowest possible prices until after the holidays.

LOCAL NEWS.

SALE REGISTER.

☞ *Sales advertised through this office will be inserted under this heading free of charge.*

Dec. 30th—A. H. Mingle, Executor of the estate of Elizabeth Corman, dec'd, late of Haines township, real estate.

—Merry Christmas!

—Happy New Year!

—Last issue for 1885.

—SUBSCRIBE for the JOURNAL.

—Glass and Queensware at Kauffman's.

—"Tomato Red" is the latest fashionable shade.

—Monday and Tuesday the weather was very mild.

—The boys were enjoying moon light coasts last week.

—The papers are still telling some heavy hog yarns.

—Hope the New Year will bring with it better times.

—Do not fail to read our Christmas stories on the outside.

—E. H. Long took a business trip to Centre Hall on Tuesday.

—A whole Army of Lancaster Almanacs at the Journal store.

—Lutheran Almanacs, singly and by the dozen, at the Journal store.

—Time Books, both for workmen and bosses, at the Journal store.

—David Scholl's house on North street is being weatherboarded.

—Santa Claus must be about the busiest man in the world this week.

—Notice the changed advertisement of Deschner's Gun store, Bellefonte.

—Two Splendid Show Cases for sale, cheap. Inquire at the Journal Store.

—Read the two interesting letters from Kansas and Missouri in this issue.

—There is some talk of a Fantastic parade to take place in town on New Year's day.

—Turkeys and chickens shudder at the idea of big Christmas and New Year dinners.

—It is said that fashionable beauties produce red cheeks by rubbing the face with lumps of ice.

—The little folks who visit the holiday market are afflicted with "watering of the mouth."

—The neighboring mountains were made lively this week by parties in search of Christmas trees.

—To furnish sealskin sacques for the ladies of fashion, 84,140 seals have been killed the present season.

—Some of the so called portraits of prominent public men printed in the daily papers are regular caricatures.

—HIGHEST CASH PRICES paid for all kinds of Hides by S. R. Gettig, Coburn, Pa. 47-2m.

—Rev. Evans, a former U. B. minister of this place, was seen in town on Monday. Mr. Evans is greatly changed.

—The Journal store is a regular bazar for holiday goods. If you don't believe it come and see.

You will Come

—Mr. Sam. Diehl, of Aaronsburg, returned from his Colorada trip on Tuesday, hale and hearty.

to Millheim

—FIVE AND SIX CENTS CASH paid for Heavy Hides at A. J. Harter's currier shop, Penn street. Bring them in.

Some time

—Don't suffer with indigestion, use Baxter's Mandrake Bitters.

For sale by J. Spigelmyer, and D. S. Kauffman & Co.

During the

—The Christmas entertainment of the Lutheran Sunday school to-night. It will be an exceptionally pleasant affair.

Holiday Season.

—Be good unto your enemies; buy your mother-in-law an 'Oderless' Kettle, and save her many a burn and scald.

Of course You will:

—Some of the brick for Musser & Smith's new hardware building on Main street are being hauled to the ground.

And Dont you Forget

—Do not forget that "good will toward men" means to make all about you happy by your tempered speech and charitable and friendly deeds.

to call at

—USE Prof. Wright's Indian Vegetable Wafers for Liver, Kidney, Stomach and Worms. Sold by all dealers. Price 25cts, 50cts, and $1.00 per box.

The Journal Store

—H. A. Mingle, executor of the estate of Elizabeth Corman, late of Haines township, dec'd, advertises the sale of her real estate, to take place at Aaronsburg, Dec. 30th, '85, at 1 o'clock.

No 20 Penn Street

—Daniel Hoy, of this place, shipped about 80 chickens and turkeys to the city last week. They must expect to do some fat living down East over the holidays.

to buy a

—Geo. Mensh, of Millheim, wishes to give notice that he will have Fresh Oysters for sale over the holidays. Persons desiring first-class oysters will please apply to him.

Suitable Present

—The Lutheran choir have procured the valuable services of Dr. J. F. Harter, to accompany them on the cornet in their anthems to be sung at this evening's entertainment.

for your

—We are informed that Dr. C. Sumner Musser expects to return from Europe some time next month. His parents as well as his many friends will gladly welcome him home.

Aged Father,

—There is one thing certain, however, call it malaria or what you may, and it generally comes without calling, where ill health does exist Simmons Liver Regulator will restore it.

Your Old mother,

—If the man who runs up to the printer with the "triumphant" news that he has just found a mistake in his last paper is as ready in detecting his own mistakes he is indeed to be complimented.

Your Dear Husband,

—Geo. Harter, who occasionally drives the stage between this point and Lock Haven, informs us that the river at that place was unusually high last Saturday and Sunday, rising to 25 feet. He could not tell how much above water mark.

Your Darling Wife,

—Dr. F. F. Wetzel, on North street, met with a painful accident last Monday morning, while unloading a heavy scalding trough. The trough slipped from his hands and fell on one of his legs, so badly bruising it, that he is unable to walk.

Your Affectionate Children,

—The untidy, dirty appearance of a grizzly beard should never be allowed. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers will readily change their color to a brown or black, at discretion, and thus keep up your reputation for neatness and good looks.

Your Cousin,

—Handbills have been posted up announcing the festival of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Ev church, to be held in the old church at Millheim, on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 25 and 26. Oysters, Ice Cream, Cakes, &c, will constitute the fare.

Your "Lover"

—Pike county is running full of bears. The old residents do not remember a year when bears were as thick in Pike and adjoining counties. One day last week twelve good sized bruins were killed and ten are yet known to be at large.

Your Turtle Dove,

—As customary the JOURNAL crew will take a week's rest over the holidays and no paper will be issued from this office next week. Customers and subscribers wishing to settle accounts will find "ye editor" at his post and very willing to take all he can get.

Your Friend.

—Millheim's depot for Holiday Goods—D. S. Kauffman & Co's store on Main street.

—If you are not provided with a present yet, bear in mind that Eisenhuth's store is one of the best places in town to find fine and suitable articles. For choice confectionery he takes the lead.

—Since last week several novelties, entirely new, have been received at Deininger's book store, chief among which are the Penwork Autograph Albums and the Star Pistols, the latter a splendid toy, perfectly harmless.

—Beauty and usefulness are combined in that splendid silk plush clock at Kauffman's. The face of the clock forms the centre of a regular picture frame, which can be set on a mantel or parlor table. It is the most ornament al time piece we have ever seen. When in their store do not fail to look at it.

A PORKER WORTH KILLING.—Mr. T. F. Meyer, the gentlemanly landlord of the Rebersburg hotel, killed a hog the other day, which tipped the scales at 474. But while he may feel happy over the good results of his stock raising, he was also unfortunate in losing a valuable horse by death.

—Something new and beautiful in the line of Splashers. Just the thing for a holiday present.

D. S. Kauffman & Co.

—I hereby make known to my friends and customers that I have placed my Griest Mill in charge of Mr. Joel Herb, late of Sugar Valley, an old, reliable miller of 26 years experience. All work guaranteed and will be done better than heretofore. DAVID ERTEL.

SETTLEMENT.—Musser & Smith, the hardware men, will close their books on the 31st of December, 1885, and will after that adopt the CASH SYSTEM, on the basis of Quick Sales and Small Profits. All persons having accounts to settle will please do so and oblige

MUSSER & SMITH.

Millheim, Dec. 17, 1885. 2t

—Mr. S. K. Faust wishes to notify the public that he has seventeen fine sleighs on hand, ready for sale. They are splendidly finished, with the celebrated shifting box attached to them and Nickel Dash Railing. The trimming is rich and tasty, such as Brussels Carpet, Velvoir and Tapestry. Any one wishing an excellent sleigh will please call at his shop, in Spring Bank, and they will find his prices suited to the times.

—Best Sateen Prints for 7 cents at Kauffman's store, formerly sold for 9 and 10 cents.

—The infant dhpartment of the Lutheran S. S. of Millheim, was treated to fine Christmas cards last Sunday morning. The card represented "Old Santa Claus" in his usual attire, with the words "Merry Christmas—1885" printed in gilt letters at the head. The card was manufactured at the Journal store, and the little ones prize it highly.

—Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, now of Dexter, Armstrong Co., Pa., who formerly was the Reformed minister at Aaronsburg and who is well known in these parts had a paralytic stroke on Thanksgiving morning. His entire left side is paralyzed. His appetite is good and he can speak and has hopes of recovery. His brother ministers in the neighborhood have been filling his appointments and expect to continue doing so during the winter.

'Words fail to express my gratitude,' says Mr. Selby Carter, of Nashville, Tenn., 'for the benefits derived from Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Having been afflicted all my life with scrofula, my system seemed saturated with it. It came out in blotches, ulcers, and mattery sores, all over my body.' Mr. Carter states that he was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and since discontinuing its use, eight months ago, has had no return of the scrofulous symptoms.

—Fine Candies, Bananas, Peanuts, Taffy and everything in the line of Sweet Meats at D. S. Kauffman & Co's store, Main street, Millheim, Pa.

—Our streets and stores were quite lively for the last week. Everybody seemed in search of suitable holiday presents, and the counters were lined with people to select from the tempting stock of our merchants. It seems that at this season purses open more freely than at any other time of the year and hoarded up treasures are spent for a Christmas present for a "dear one" at home. From year to year the people are learning that it is better to confer pleasure upon others than to make gain life's object and have gold for one's god. It is wonderful how little courtesies and remembrances brighten the hearts and homes and many a shadow that rests over almost every life is chased away by the effect of loving gifts. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

—Married, at Solomon City, Dec. 9th 1885, by Rev. M. M. Stolz, Mr. Alfred V. Wolf of Minneapolis, Ottawa Co., Kansas, to Miss Linn Kern, of Chicago, Illinois. We understand that Mr. Wolf is one of the employes of the Minneapolis *Messenger*. We extend fraternal greetings to the young couple on embarking in the marriage state and trust their bark may glide peacefully through this life until they attain an haven beyond the river.'—*Solomon Sentinel.*

The groom, Mr. Alfred V. Wolf, is the older brother of Mrs. B. O. Deininger, of this place, and has been in the West for many years. The printers of the *Sentinel* in extending their congratulations refer to the 'young couple,' which expression may be correct as far as the hearts and minds of the newly wedded are concerned but, as to years the *Sentinel* missed the mark considerably, Mr. Wolf having in fact been regarded as a confirmed bachelor for some time by his relatives.

—If you want to make someone a present of a Silk Dress, or a fine Suit, or an Overcoat, don't fail to give us a trial, before purchasing elsewhere.

D. S. Kauffman & Co.

NOTICE.—All the pupils of the public schools of the Borough of Millheim, of the age of twelve years and under, are hereby invited to come to the Journal Store on Christmas morning to receive their little presents. Children, come early, be tidy and orderly, and leave to make room for big people as soon as you are served. By 9½ o'clock the "circus" should be over.

B. O. DEININGER.

—SLEIGHS, SLEIGHS, SLEIGHS, the finest stock ever brought to Centre county at J. C. Condo's Shops, Penn Hall, Pa. Remember they are no trash, but the best make, with the finest finish and tastiest ornamentations. Come and see before buying elsewhere, and secure some of the best bargains ever offered to purchasers in this line. 28-3t.

—A change went into effect this morning on the Bellefonte, Nittany & Lemont Railroad and its continuation to Montandon. The train which formerly left Bellefonte at 5:15 o'clock a. m. now leaves at 5:45, and the train which formerly arrived here at 10:30 a. m. now reaches Bellefonte at 9.25, in time to make connections both east and west over the Bald Eagle Valley Line. This is another improvement in the schedule and will have the effect of increasing travel on the road.—*Bellefonte Daily News, Monday Dec. 21.*

SCHOOL REPORT.—G. E. Limbert, teacher of the Millheim Primary school, reports the following for the month ending Dec. 24. Whole number in attendance during month, male 36, female 36, total 72; average attendance during month, male 30, female 29, total 59; per cent of attendance during month, male 89, female, 84, total 87. Pupils present every day—John Albright, Theo. Brown, Chas. Maize, Samuel Maize, Jacob Snyder, Robert Foote, Sadie Hartman, Marion Musser, Lodie Musser, Maud Musser, Stella Zerby, Carrie Albright, Annie Kern, Minnie Winkleblech. Pupils present all but one but one day—Harry Frank, Joe Reifsnyder, Jno. Hardenburg, Clyde Lose, Ellery Brown, Eddie Ayer's, Geo. Bright, Jennie Reissnyder, Bertie Miller, Cora Stover, Lula Snook, Eva Snyder, Ida Bumiller. Visitors—E. H. Long, Frank Kauffman, Adolph Miller, Chas. Spangler, E. E. Ardery, Clayton Duck, Albert Klinefelter, Wm. Keller, Harry Leitzel, P. J. Auman and Miss Mamie Krieghbaum.

MUSIC.—A musical convention, under the auspices of the Reformed Ladies' Mite Society, will be held in the old church at Aaronsburg, beginning Monday, Jan. 11th, 1886 at 7 o'clock p. m., and closing with two concerts on the following Friday and Saturday evenings. The services of Prof. A. N. Johnson, of Chester, New Jersey, are secured for the occasion.

All singers from far and near are extended a cordial invitation to join the class. The membership fee is 50 cents. A copy of the book to be used at the convention (one of Prof. Johnson's latest works) will be presented to each member of the class as his own property. This is regarded as advantageous to the singer as it is unusual at conventions. Free entertainment will be furnished to singers. Those coming by rail will notify the undersigned when to meet them at Coburn. A large attendance is anticipated.

TERMS: Singer's fee for book and tuition, 50 cts. Single Session Admission Fee, 10 cts., Single Concert Admission. 25 cts., Spectator's Course Ticket [including Concerts], 50 cts., Family Tickets, [not including singers], $1 00.

J. G. MEYER,
EMMA JORDAN,
Z. A. YEARICK, } Committee.

Letter from Missouri.

Versailles, Morgan Co., Mo., Dec. 11, 1885. TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR—Enclosed please find postal order for one dollar, for the renewal of my subscription for another year. I am well pleased with the Journal. It is newsy and neat in its get up and is a welcome messenger to my family. It brings the news of our old home and friends. Mr. Editor, I was laughing at you Centre county folks two weeks ago, that you were then for some time shivering with cold and that winter had set in in earnest so early. To-day the laugh is on your side, for a cold wave has at last captured us also some few days ago, and this morning the thermometer registered 6 below zero. After having such pleasant fall weather up to within a few days, it not only makes us shiver, but it makes us hop and dance at the same time to keep the blood from congealing. But with plenty of good wood and sausages we get along fine. We have now eight inches of snow and it is just commencing to snow while I am writing these few lines. This kind of weather so early is very unusual in this county. If you will allow me I will give a very short history of the recourses and advantages of Morgan county. In the first place its soil is very good for all kinds of cerials, and as a county for feeding and raising all kinds of cattle, Morgan Co. stands in the front ranks. Then our mineral resources, coal, lead, copper, iron, and beds of caolene for the manufacture of all kinds of ware, are unsurpassed in any state. We have one railroad coming from the north to our county seat, Versailles. We have also a road surveyed from east to west by way of Versailles through our county, called the St Louis and Emporia Kansas road. It will be built without any doubt, and will make one of the best roads in the state for tonage, giving Versailles and Morgan county a first class boom. Now is the time while land is cheap yet, if any of your many readers or fellow citizens wish or desire to come West Money invested now within the next month in Morgan county, Mo., I am satisfied, will double itself inside of ten years. Good land improved and unimproved, prairie and timber can be bought from $2.50 to $36.00 per acre, according to location. Our climate is pleasant and healthy, water good and plenty, to be had at a small cost. Versailles, the county seat, is a lively, busy, and flourishing town with twelve hundred inhabitants and growing fast. I came here to Versailles 20 years ago, and I never regretted it to this day. I am a republican and always have been, and everybody knows it here because I have been active, yet I never had any difficulty on account of my politics. My observations during 1884, while visiting all summer in Centre county, led me to believe that we have better order on public occasions than you have in the East. There is no trouble here to get along well. The people are sociable, jolly, and kind hearted. Whosoever will, let him come and see for himself. I am very truly yours,

GEO. H. STOVER.

Letter from Kansas.

Pleasant Valley, Lincoln Co., Kansas, Dec 12th, 1885.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I seldom see anything in your Journal from this part of Kansas, I thought a few items from Pleasant Valley might interest the many readers of your worthy paper. The Journal is a weekly visitor at our home, and a welcome one, because it always gives us the news from our old home in Penns Valley, which we are very desirous to know. Well, the past year has been a prosperous one for Kansas, especially for Lincoln county. Crops of all descriptions were very good, but especially the corn crop, which is simply immense. I often raised good corn when I farmed in Penns Valley, but such corn as we raised here for the last two years I never did. I wish your Penns Valley farmers could see the stacks of corn that are cribbed up and the piles that lay around the buildings on the ground covered with snow, and the millions of bushels that are in the field unhusked and covered with snow. Yes, Mr. Editor, I vouch to say that if they would stand on a certain point on the prairie where they could have a good view over the valley they would undoubtedly exclaim, "The half has never been told." We have had a very nice fall, the best kind of weather for the farmer until Dec. 4th when it turned cold very sudden, and on the 5th a snow fell of about 3 inches, and on the 11th another one on top and at present writing it is snowing in good earnest. Verily, winter is at our doors. Pretty cold for Kansas. Lincoln county has improved wonderful in the past year, hundreds of new buildings have been erected on the farms. Lincoln Centre, the county seat had a big boom with a population of about 1000 of first-class citizens. There were erected in the past year in the city over 200 buildings, among them a new Methodist church. There are 3 other churches in the city, namely, the Presbyterian, the Baptist, and the Catholic. Lincoln has a court house, and a college, a large two-story school house, 3 general dry goods stores, 4 grocery stores, 2 drug stores, 2 hotels, 3 lunch rooms, 2 first-class hardware stores, 3 blacksmith shops, 4 lumber yards, 3 first-class livery & feed stables, 2 first-class banks which are doing a large business; besides about a dozen of lawyers and as many doctors. Land is in great demand and new-comers arrive daily. Land is rapidly increasing in value. Money is plenty and business brisk, and we cannot complain of hard times here. I will give you a sketch of my crops which I raised this year. I raised 100 bushels of wheat, 300 bushels of rye, 600 bushels of oats, 100 bushels of barley, 200 bushels of potatoes and 1000 bushels of corn shelled, from 110 acres of ground, and about 1000 bushels under the snow yet. Well, I must close my letter or I weary you. This leaves us all well and in good cheer. Yours very truly,

P. B. STOVER.

Neighboring News.

SMITH TOWN.

A Merry Christmas to all.

The snow is nearly all gone.

Henry Keen sold four of his horses for $850.

Peter Zeigler and family, of Penn Hall, were visiting in our midst on Monday.

Judging from the piles of wood J. H. Frank sawed with his circular saw, it may be said that he is ready for winter.

JUMBO.

COBURN.

Squire Gettig has put down an excellent boardwalk from the bridge to his grain house.

The new bell now hangs in the dome of the church. It is a beauty, and has a very fine tone.

Quite a sensation in the "burg" this week.

Mr. Trumpfheller was in town again this week.

A merry Chrismas and a Happy New Year to you all.

Z.

AARONSBURG.

The mercury has gone up during the last year. Not quite 80 cold.

Mrs. Jas. P. Coburn has been quite sick during the last two weeks. She is no better at this writing.

Last week while a party were hunting in Pine Creek Hollow, Robert Smith shot a bear that dressed 375 pds. Robert is a dead shot.

A move has been made to have a fantastic street parade on New Year's day. A meeting was held in reference thereto, the result of which has not been announced.

A military club has been organized, under the direction of Capt. Jack Sylvis. Now look out, ye neighboring towns, or we will declare war against you.

The German Reformed S. School will hold their festival on Christmas eve, while the Lutheran Sunday School will hold one on New Year's eve.

We had occasion to walk up North 2nd St. the other evening. While walking along our attention was arrested by a distant rumbling noise. We asked a passer-by what it was. *A Skating Rink, a skating rink.* Where? Down in Frank Weiser's house, upstairs. Well, well, so Aaronsburg has a skating rink. *Rather near the church,* Frank.

ANOTHER.

MADISONBURG.

Mr. Harvey Miller sold a horse to Ex-Judge Frank of Rebersburg.

Mr. Reuben Hartman and son John, of Millheim, spent Monday in our little burg on business.

John Hoy, Jr., of Jacksonville, spent a few hours with L. B. Stover on Monday.

Levi Fullmer was made happy the other morning by finding a fox in one of his traps. Jared Hazel was made fully as happy on Sunday, but it wasn't a fox. A bouncing baby and don't you forget it.

Albert Klinefelter started on a job down in the mountains below Coburn.

J. L. Roush returned home from Lancaster on Tuesday evening. He expects to stay over the holidays.

Rev. N. J. Miller preached his farewell sermon in the Reformed church last Sunday.

Two daughters and a son of Rev. Sam. Yearick, left this place on Tuesday afternoon to spend the holidays with their parents at Red Lion, York county, Pa. Mr. Amon Hazel accompanied them.

STILL.

A THUNDERBOLT

—of Bargains in our Goods this Week!—

New Goods! New Goods!

—FOR THE—

HOLIDAYS

CLOCKS Our selection in this line can not be described. It must be seen to be fully appreciated. We replenished our stock purposly for the holidays. Come and judge for yourselves.

ALBUMS Photograph and Autograph. Plush, Morocco, all sizes and all styles.

JEWELRY Anything and everything in this line that is suitable for a Christmas present. In this department we claim the belt.

TOILET BOXES The finest in the market. SOAPS to improve your looks—PERFUMES with delicious smells.

FANCY TOWELS And Splashers—a selection to please all the housewives.

GENT'S MUFFLERS A new stock, consisting of the best qualities, tastiest styles. In fact they are a regular charm.

TREE ORNAMENTS Beautiful, novel and cheap. Call in time for the best selections.

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS The richest stock to be found in the valley.

PROMENADE SATCHELS As fine a choice as can be found anywhere.

Space does not permit us to numerate our large variety of Holiday Goods. We merely invite your presence in the store and you will find that our place is the depot of Holiday traffic and that it is a pleasure to inspect our counters and shelves.

D. S. Kauffman & Co.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

For all Diseases of the

Liver, Kidneys, Stomach and Spleen.

This **purely vegetable** preparation, now so celebrated as a Family Medicine, originated in the South in 1828. It acts **gently** on the **Bowels** and **Kidneys** and **corrects** the action of the Liver, and is, therefore, the **best preparatory medicine**, whatever the sickness may prove to be. In all common diseases it will, **unassisted** by any other medicine, **effect a speedy cure.**

The **Regulator** is safe to administer in any condition of the system, and **under no circumstances can it do harm.** It will invigorate like a glass of wine, but is no intoxicating beverage to lead to intemperance; will **promote digestion, dissipate headache, and generally tone up the system.** The dose is small, **not unpleasant,** and its virtues undoubted.

No loss of time, no interruption or stoppage of business while taking the Regulator.

Children complaining of **Colic, Headache,** or **Sick Stomach,** a teaspoonful or more will give relief.

If taken occasionally by patients exposed to MALARIA, will expel the poison and protect them from attack.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to action, and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive and assimilative powers of the system. L. M. HINTON, M. D., Washington, Ark.

SEE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE.

PREPARED BY

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums sweln a and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large, we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Maseru, Bamtoland (S. Africa,) March 7, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had three sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

DO YOU KNOW

THAT

Lorillard's Climax

PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; **Rose leaf** Fine Cut Chewing; **Navy Clippings,** and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFF are the best and cheapest quality considered.

VIRGINIA FARMS Mild Climate. Cheap homes. Northern Colony. Send for circular. **A. O. BLISS, Centralia, Va.**

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ESTABLISHED 1845

The most popular **Weekly** newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N. Y.

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Pure And Unadulterated!

S. T. FRAIN, Proprietor of the

First National Hotel,

MILLHEIM, PA.,

Wishes to inform the public that he keeps the following liquors constantly on hand and in sures them all strictly pure, and especially adapted for medical purposes:

WHISKEYS: Hannesville, Poughkeepsie, Rush, Haag, Louisville, Kentucky.
BRANDYS: Plain, Ginger, Sherry, Blackberry, Peach.
GINS: Imported Holland, London.
WINES: Blackberry, Elderberry, Port Huckleberry, Catawba, Grape.
Applejack, New England Rum.

☞ These liquors are all guaranteed to be not less than four years old and can be strongly recommended as wholesome and healthy.

MALT LIQUORS, such as PORTER, ALE and LAGER always on draught. 22-3m

DR. SELLERS'

OVER 1,000,000 BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS, THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE. 25 CTS.

COUGH SYRUP

DON'T FORGET THAT

DR. LINDSEYS BLOOD SEARCHER

ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILES, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

R. F. SELLERS & CO. Pros. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Agents Wanted for **P. T. BARNUM'S** New Book "THE STORY OF MY LIFE." And the Art of Money Getting with Golden Rules for Money Making. Worth $100 to any young man starting in life. Over 500 pages; 68 illustrations. Price, $2.25. ☞ Write at once to FORSHEE & McMAKIN, Cincinnati, O

Agents Make $5 a Day Selling Perfect **FAMILY SCALES** Entirely new in principle. Weigh one ounce to 25 pounds. What every family needs and will buy. Rapid sales surprise agents. FORSHEE & MCMAKIN, CINCINNATI O.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

(*Continued from first page.*)

'Father, do you know anything against Harry Church ?'

'Yes,' he had answered, wrathfully ; 'I know that he is a poor man, and that he cannot keep a wife as a daughter of mine must be kept.'

'Anything else, father ?' looking him steadily in the eye.

'No, that's enough,' he had thundered. 'I'll tell you, besides, that if you marry him my doors will never open to you again, never.'

He met with a will as strong as his own, that time. She *did* marry him, and went away with him from her father's house. Mr. Golding had known the day the wedding was to take place, and disdained to stop it. He washed his hands of Harry Church, and of Amy, his wife. She wrote home afterwards, over and over again, but Mr. Golding sent all the letters back unopened. Subsequent to that, they disappeared from town ; and he had never heard what had became of them. It was at least ten years ago now.

It seemed very strange that these things should come back to-night to haunt him—and with a wild remorse, a pitying regret. He had done nothing to recall them. Could it be his sense of failing health that brought them ?—if so, what sort of anguish might he not look for as he drew nearer and nearer to the ending ? He began to wish that he knew what had been in those rejected letters—whetherr Amy had been suffering for anything that money could supply. The next thought that struck him was, why he had opposed the marriage so virulently. It is true Harry Church had been but a clerk in his own employ ; but he was a well educated young gentleman, and would rise with time. Faithful, intelligent, preserving, respected—but poor. In that last word lay the head and front of Harry Churche's offending. He, Joseph Golding, was rich then ; he was far richer now ; but he could not help asking it, what special good was his riches bringing him ? He was an old man, the span of life running quickly on, and he was all alone. Who would take his gold then ? He could not carry it along with him. All in a moment—he saw it clearly—the dreadful truth stood naked and bare ; his life and its object had been mistaken ones.

'All alone ! all alone !' he kept saying to himself, in a sort of vague self-pity. 'I've toiled and worked for nothing.'

But during this time, even now, as he sat there, a message of love was on its way to him. Perhaps Heaven had but been preparing his heart to receive it.

He heard a ring at the door-bell. Heard it without paying any attention to it. Rings were nothing to him ; people did not come on business to his residence, and of visitors he expected none. Down went his head lower and lower with its weight of thought.

Meanwhile two people were admitted into the hall below ; a man and a little girl. The man took off the child's warm cloak and hood, and she stood revealed: a dainty, delicate creature of some eight years old ; her golden curls drooping softly round her face, with its large blue eyes and its cherry lips. The servant who admitted them, not knowing what to make of this, called Mr. Golding's housekeeper, old Mrs. Osgood. The latter went into a tremor as she came forward and looked at the face.

'It's Miss Amy's child !' she exclaimed to the man, nervously. 'I couldn't mistake the likeness.'

'Miss Amy's that was,' he answered. 'Mrs. Harry Church she has been this many a year.'

'I know. It's as much as my place is worth to admit any child of her's.'

'You are Mrs. Osgood,' exclaimed the little girl. Mamma said I should be sure to see you.'

'Hear the blessed lamb ! And so she remembers me.'

'She talks of you often: she says you were always kind to her : nobody but you loved her.'

'Well, I *did* love her. The old house has never been the same since she went out of it. What's your name, my pretty one ?'

'Amy.'

'Amy !' repeated the housekeeper, lifting up her hands, as if there were some wonder in it.

'And mamma said you would let me go up alone to grandpapa.'

'And so you *shall*,' decided Mrs. Osgood, after a minute's hesitation. 'I won't stand in the way of it, let master be as angry with me as he will. He is up in the drawing-room, all by himself.'

The man sat down to wait. And the child went up alone.

Opening the door, she went softly in, not speaking: perhaps the stern-looking old man, sitting there with bent head, awed her to silence. Joseph Golding, waking up from his deep reverie, saw a letter held out to him. He took it mechanically, supposing its messenger, hidden behind his large chair, was one of his servants. With a singular quickening of pulse, he recognized his daughter's handwriting.

She had waited all these silent years, she told him, because she was determined never to write to him again until they were rich enough for them to know that she did not write from any need of his help. They had passed ten years in the West, and Heaven had prospered them. Her husband was a rich man now, and she wanted from her father only his love—wanted only, that death should not come between them, and either of them go to her mother's side without having been reconciled to the other.

'How did this come here ?—who brought it ?' demanded Mr. Golding, in his usual imperious manner.

'I did, grandpapa.'

He sprang up at the soft, timid voice, as if some fright took him, and stared at the lovely vision, standing there like a spirit on his hearthstone, with her white face and her gleaming golden hair. Was it real ? Where was he ? Who could the child be ? But, as he looked, the likeness flashed upon him—and he grew hungry to clasp her to him. It was the little Amy of the old days grown into beauty—for Amy had never been so wonderously fair as this.

'Come here, my child; don't be afraid. Tell me what your name is.'

'Amy, grandpapa.'

Another Amy ! Grandpapa ! He felt the sobs rising up in his heart with a great flood of emotion; but he choked them back.

'What have they told you about me?' he rejoined, after a long pause.' Have they bid you hate me ?'

'They always told me that you were far away toward where the sun rose ; and if I were good they would bring me to see you some day. Every night I say in my prayers, 'God bless papa and mamma, and God bless grandpapa.'

'Why didn't *they* bring you ? What made them let you come alone ?'

'Mamma sent me with John to give you the letter,' was the simple answer. 'The carriage is at the gate, waiting for me.'

'Who is John ?'

'Papa's servant.'

'And—where are they staying ?'

'At the hotel. We only got there this morning.'

Mrs. Osgood, hovering in the hall, looked on in wonder. Her master was coming down stairs, calling for his hat and coat, and leading the child. He got into the carriage with her and drove away. Mr. Golding was wondering vaguely whether it was real.

They arrived at last, and the child led him in, opening a door at the end of a long corridor. She spoke cheeringly.

'Mamma, here's grandpapa. He said he would come back with me.'

Mr. Golding's head went off in a swim. Advancing weakness tells upon people in such moments as these. He sat down ; and there were Amy's arms—his own Amy's—about his neck. Which of the two sobbed the most, could not be told. Why had he never known what he lost through all those vanished years?

'Father, are we reconciled at last ?'

'I don't know, my daughter ; until you tell me if you forgive me'

'There should be no talk about forgiveness,' she said. 'You went according to your own opinion of what was right. And perhaps I was to blame, too. Father, it is enough that God has brought us together again in peace. I thought no one could resist my little Amy, least of all, her grandpapa.'

He looked up. The child stood by, silently ; the firelight glittered on her golden hair, her face shining strangely sweet. He put out his arms and drew her into them, close—where no child, not even his own, had ever nestled before. Oh, how much he had missed in life !—he knew it now. He felt her clinging hold round his neck—her kisses dropped upon his face like the pitying dew from heaven ; and he—was it himself, or another in his place ?'

'Father, see.'

Amy's voice had a full, cheerful ring in it. Her married life had been happy. Mr. Golding turned at the call.

'Here are Harry and the boys waiting to speak to you,' she said, in a less assured tone.

He shook his son in-law's hand heartily. Old feuds, old things, were over now, and all was become new. In his heart, he had liked Harry Church. Then he looked at the two boys, brave, merry little fellows, of whom he might be proud.

Explanations ensued. Fortune had favored Mr. Church ; they had come back for good, and were already looking out for a house.

'No house but mine, interrupted Joseph Golding. 'It will want a tenant when I am gone. You must come home to-morrow.'

'To-morrow will be Christmas Day,' said his daughter, doubtingly.

'All the better. If Christmas was never kept in my house, it shall be now. I shall not live to see another, Amy.'

She looked up at the changed, thin face, and could not contradict him. Some one, going to their Western home, had told them how Joseph Golding was breaking; the news had caused them to return permanently. Amy said to her husband that if her father died, unreconciled to her, she should be full of remorse for ever.

'You will come home to-morrow, all of you,' repeated Mr. Golding. 'And mind, Amy, you do not go away again.'

'But—if the children should be too much for you, father !'

'When they are, I'll tell you,' he said, with a touch of the former gruffness. 'The old house is large enough.'

He went out, and found his way to the shops—open to the last on Christmas Eve—looking for Christmas gifts. New work for him !—but he entered into it earnestly. Perambulating the streets like a bewildered Santa Claus, he went home laden with books, and toys, and jewels, and bonbons. Mrs. Osgood lifted her hands, and thought the end of the world must be coming.

'Help me to put those things away, Mrs. Osgood. Don't stare as if you were moonstruck. And, look here—there'll be company to dinner to-morrow. Mind you send in a good one.'

'The best that ever was seen on a table,—if it's for them I think it is for.'

'Well, it is. Miss Amy's coming home again.'

'Heaven be praised, sir ! The house has been a dull one since she left it.'

'They are all coming. And they will not go away again, Mrs. Osgood. If you want more servants you can get them.'

'It's the best Christmas greeting you could have given me, master.'

And they came. Amy and Amy's husband and the pretty boys were there; and, best of all, the sweet little girl with the golden hair, sitting next to grandpapa. It was too happy a party for loud mirth. And among them, Joseph Golding saw, or fancied he saw, *another* face, over which, almost thirty years ago, he had watched the grave sod pied—a face sad and wistful no longer, but bright with a strange glory. Close by him she seemed to stand : and he heard, or fancied that he heard, a whisper from her parted lips, though it might have come only from his own heart :

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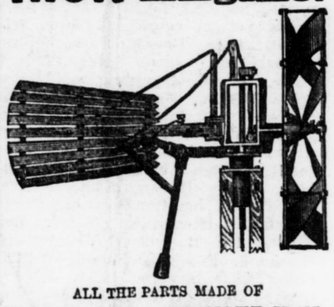

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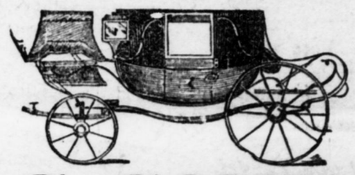

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